

Wicked Games

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Summary: What if Daryl had a girl before the world went to hell?
Daryl/OC

1. Chapter 1

Title: Wicked Games

Disclaimer: I own nothing related to The Walking Dead nor am I making any money from the writing of this story. Rated M for language and sexual situations. Lyrics are Chris Issak's - Wicked Games. Again not mine.

Summary: What if Daryl had a girl before the world went to hell?
Daryl/OC

_World was on fire, no one could save me but you. _

_Strange what desire makes foolish people do. _

He only felt alive when he was with her; surrounded by a wild mane of blond hair and the intoxicating smell of vanilla. His skilled fingers touched the lace of her bra before bringing her to his waiting mouth - kissing her with every ounce of passion he could find. Her own fingers touched his chest - pushing the plaid shirt from his shoulders as his teeth found her neck. A moan escaped her - his name against his ear was nearly his undoing.

"You know that's cheatin' girl."

With one syllable she could bring him to his knees.

"Daryl," she crooned biting his lobe again. "You know I never play fair."

Despite the close quarters of his F250 he lifted her off his lap and she was on her back in seconds - looking up at him with wide blue

eyes. Without another word he pushed her stupid skirt up around her waist and began undoing his belt. He hated when she wore those short skirts with her ass half out. Especially around Merle. She was his - she always had been and his prick brother didn't deserve to look at her ass.

All thoughts of Merle vanished as her legs opened and he moved on top of her. This beautiful girl that he had known since he was seven - looking up at him with the weight of the world in her eyes. He felt his own pulse quickening.

All trace of playfulness was gone - her chest rising and falling nervously as he leaned closer to her; pressing himself against the inside of her thigh. He kissed her again brushing a strand of blond hair from her face as he searched her eyes for any sign of uncertainty. "What is it?" She asked softly, squirming beneath him.

"I love you" He muttered suddenly, in his usual low solemn voice. She didn't know if he had ever said those words to anyone before. "I love you too, Daryl." She assured as his mouth found hers again.

_I never dreamed that Id meet somebody like you. _

I never dreamed that Id lose somebody like you.

X

A/N: What! Maybe I'll continue if you dig it. Let me know in the reviews!

2. Chapter 2

"I need to be under this truck, girl - not you."

Daryl muttered before she found his mouth again; pressing her body against his. They were parked in his garage where he was supposed to be changing the oil but other more important things had come up.

"Where's your sense of adventure?" She asked with a grin - pulling her shirt off quickly. Daryl stared up at two perfect breasts - raising a rough hand to touch her delicate skin as a sigh escaped her and she leaned in further so his mouth could replace his hand.

"You're all the adventure I need, Case."

"Daryl! You in here?!"

A very loud, very drunk Merle shoved his way into the cramped garage - nearly falling over some truck and motorcycle parts. Daryl stopped his delightful torture on her breast looking up at her with wide eyes. If Merle found them they'd never hear the end of it. Casey placed a finger to her parted lips and smiled, pressing her body as close to his as possible in hopes Merle couldn't tell they were in the truck.

"Daryl!" He could have sworn his brother said he was working his

truck today. "Probably gone fucking that piece of ass. Fuck!" With that said he stumbled back out of the garage slamming the door in the process. Daryl watched as Casey lifted her head to look at him; unfazed by Merle's words as she returned to their earlier activities. After a moment he put enough space between them to look into her bright blue eyes.

"You know he's full of shit right?"

"Yeah."

"Don't listen to shit he says. He's a fucking prick. Always has been."

"A prick you'd follow to hell and back."

Daryl didn't make her any comment just watched as she pushed herself up to a sitting position and pulled her shirt back over her head. Apparently their make out session was over before it ever got fully started.

"I need to talk to you."

Definitely over.

"Alright." He muttered; adjusting the bulge in his pants as he sat up and watched her carefully. His hair fell into his eye as he brushed it away causing her gaze to fall. Damnit he was sexy. "Talk." Daryl demanded.

"They offered me a job at Piedmont Hospital in Atlanta. Charge nurse. I'd be making twice as much as I am here."

He stared at her for a long unsettling moment; no emotion crossing his features as he took in her words. Daryl opened the truck door and pushed himself out; shutting it a little too hard for her liking. She followed suit and rounded the truck to face him as he searched for a cigarette.

"When the fuck were you going to tell me?" He growled at her before punching the side of his truck - causing Casey to flinch. "What the hell Daryl? I'm telling you now and I haven't even taken the job yet."

Daryl turned back to her; a look of rage on his handsome face. "Yet? You're seriously going to leave me? Run off to fucking Atlanta and forget all about us?!" Casey let her gaze fall. "You could come with me. We could get a apartment in the city."

This caused Daryl to laugh.

"What the fuck would I do in the city? Do I look like I belong in any fucking city?"

"You belong with me."

He pushed himself from the truck and moved towards the door shaking his head. "You belong here. Not in some fucking Atlanta hospital. Not five hours away where people get murdered every fucking ten minutes. Fuck."

They were standing outside of the garage now glaring at each other.

"Fine. I won't go - I'll stay in this shitty ass town making shitty ass money while you fuck off with your stupid ass brother! Will that make you happy?!"

Daryl took a long needed draw from his cigarette - never breaking their gaze. A moment passed between them before he exhaled slowly and muttered "I don't give a fuck what you do." Which was worse than a slap in the face. Casey stared at him for another minute before she turned on her heels and stormed off without another word.

He watched her go - storming down their shared little back road like she had so many times before when he pissed her off. Unfortunately this time seemed different.

_What a wicked game you play to make me feel this way. _

What a wicked thing to say, you never felt this way.

A/N: Thanks for the awesome reviews! Keep them coming!

xXx

End
file.